

Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Bands of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 24.

Boston, September, 1891.

No. 4.



"THE PONY MAUDE RUSHED MADLY UPON HER FOE, CATCHING HIM IN HER MOUTH AND SHAKING HIM."

MAUDE, THE PONY.

The story connected with this picture, which we borrow from "*Golden Days*," Philadelphia, is this. "Maude," a beautiful black pony, was owned by one Dobson, whose son, *Larry Dobson*, a thoroughly bad fellow, treated her with great cruelty. Mr. Fenton took pity on the pony, and bought her for his son Fred. Under kind treatment the pony was perfectly happy; but Larry Dobson, mad because his father had sold her, threatened to thrash Fred the first time he saw him riding her. One day when Fred was riding through a lonesome place, Larry and two other hoodlums jumped over a wall to attack him. But when Larry threw a stone at Fred, which hit Maude, instead of running away as Fred tried to have her, she rushed at Larry, seized him with her teeth, struck out at him with her fore feet, threw him to the ground, and, to the gratification of the whole community, left him with a dislocated shoulder and a broken leg. The other hoodlums escaped in the manner represented in the picture.

VIVISECTION.

The July "*Zoophilist*" [London organ of the British Anti-vivisection Society] tells its readers that we have paid in behalf of "*The American Humane Education Society*," a prize of \$250 for the best essay in favor of vivisection, but forgets to add that we have also paid a similar prize of \$250 for the best essay against vivisection.

We have no doubt our good friends in England are acting conscientiously,

and really believe they are doing the best they can to relieve the sufferings of dumb animals. But since their society was organized,—some fifteen years ago,—*circisections in Great Britain have been and are now constantly and enormously increasing.*

Under these circumstances it may be well for them to carefully consider whether, in the forming of over ten thousand "Bands of Mercy" in our American schools and Sunday schools—the offering of prizes to all American editors and to all American college students for best essays on the effect of humane education on the prevention of crime, and sending to nearly a hundred thousand of them condensed information on the subject—the sending this paper monthly to the editors of from eight to sixteen thousand American newspapers and magazines—the employment of missionaries to found humane societies in our Western and Southern States—the sending of hundreds of thousands of humane publications to teachers and teachers' conventions—the printing in a little over a year of over half a million copies of "Black Beauty," now being translated by us into five European languages—it may be well for our good friends across the water to carefully consider whether we may not be on the right track after all, and, before they begin to find fault because some plan of ours seems to them, just now, less wise than theirs, to wait a little, remembering, in the words of one of their own poets, that—

"Not through Eastern windoes only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly,
But Westward, look, the land is bright."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO SEPARATE FIGHTING DOGS.

Apply to the nostrils a pinch of snuff or pepper, or a handkerchief wet with ammonia.

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY AND HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Phillips Exeter Academy has become larger than most American colleges, having had 356 students the past year; its funds have increased greatly, amounting now to about \$400,000; and its teaching force is large and able. Nevertheless, says the same authority from whom we have quoted, "it is always in trouble of some sort. Its students show the same increase as at Harvard of the wealthy, vicious, and thoughtless, who gamble, get drunk, make rows in the quiet old town of Exeter, and in other ways lower the moral tone of the school." What to do with this class of youth is really the greatest problem which confronts the authorities of many an otherwise flourishing institution of learning.—*New York Evening Post.*

[And we say, as we have often said before in this paper, devote less time to Greek roots and mathematical formulae, and more time to establishing legions of honor and making good, law-abiding, humane citizens.—GEO. T. ANGELL.]

A CHANCE TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

We see that some European inventor has invented a reflector that will stand all kinds of weather and reflect sunlight into dark rooms. It seems to us that some American inventor might realize a fortune for himself and do a world of good for others, by a similar invention, which should flood not only our dark and north rooms with sunshine, but also our dark stables.

We hope the about nine thousand editors who receive our paper this month will call attention to this important matter.

COSTLY BOOK.

From a money standpoint, Rome boasts of the most valuable book in the world. It is a Hebrew Bible, preserved in the Vatican at Rome, and remarkable for its size, weighing over 325 pounds, and requiring usually three men to carry it. In 1512, "a syndicate of Venetian Jews" offered Pope Julius its weight in gold for it, or \$125,000, but, though needing the money greatly, he refused it. According to the present standard value of gold as compared with that period, the book ought to be worth, upon the terms of those old Jews, about \$375,000, and it is doubtful if Rome would sell it for any such amount.

OUR MASSACHUSETTS SENATOR, HON. GEO. F. HOAR.

A few days since we accepted with pleasure a kind invitation from the above-named gentleman, whom we are glad to reckon among our friends, to take a seat in his carriage for an afternoon drive to Wachusett Lake and the top of Wachusett Mountain.

From the mountain top we looked down upon a large portion of the State which he has so long and ably represented in Congress, and near the lake we found "Redemption Rock," where his ancestor—first of his name in America—did a brave deed, perpetuated by the following inscription on the rock:—

"Upon this rock, May 2d, 1676, was made the agreement for the ransom of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson, of Lancaster, between the Indians and John Hoar, of Concord. King Philip was with the Indians, but refused his consent."

It seems that Lancaster had been attacked and burned by the Indians, and Mrs. Rowlandson, wife of the clergyman, had been captured.

John Hoar, of Concord, followed the war party at the risk of his life, and succeeded on this rock in obtaining her ransom and release,—hence its name, "Redemption Rock." Speaking of Indians, the Senator related the following interesting incident of Clarence King's experience while in the employ of the government as a civil engineer, on the frontier, soon after the Sioux uprising of 1864:—

He knew himself to be in the vicinity of hostile Indians, and one day, when writing in his tent alone, he looked up and saw, standing within ten feet of his camp chair, a tall, fully armed Indian, staring steadily at him.

King thought his time had come, but, to his astonishment, instead of a bullet, the Indian asked in excellent English, "Can you tell me, sir, if old Professor Kingsley, of Yale College, is living?"

It turned out that the Indian had been educated at New Haven by Professor Kingsley, but had subsequently returned to his tribe.

Speaking of fame, Mr. Hoar gave a very amusing description of a gentleman who inquired in Quincy where Mr. Charles Francis Adams resided, and was told by his informant that there were no Adamses in Quincy.

More interesting to some of our readers would be Mr. Hoar's description of his English collie dog, who being very badly treated by a large Newfoundland, collected four of his friends and gave the Newfoundland a severe punishment; and of his visit to Senator Leland Stanford's famous California stables, where any man who swears at or speaks unkindly to a horse is at once discharged.—But I have written enough to prove, what all his friends know, that Senator Hoar is good company.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE FRIGATE-BIRD.

I see a small blue point in the heaven. Happy and serene region, which has rested in peace far above the hurricane! In that blue point, and at an elevation of ten thousand feet, royally floats a little bird with enormous pens. A gull? No; its wings are black. An eagle? No; the bird is too small.

It is the little ocean-eagle, first and chief of the winged race, the daring navigator who never furls his sails, the lord of the tempest, the scorner of all peril—the man-of-war or frigate bird.

We have reached the culminating point of the series commenced by the wingless bird. Here we have a bird which is virtually nothing more than wings: scarcely any body,—barely as large as that of the domestic cock,—while his prodigious pinions are fifteen feet in span. The storm bursts; he mounts to lofty heights, where he finds tranquillity. The poetic metaphor, untrue when applied to any other bird, is no exaggeration when applied to him: literally, he sleeps upon the storm.

When he chooses to oar his way seriously, all distance vanishes: he breakfasts at the Senegal; he dines in America.—*Michelet.*

THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST.

The great big church wuz crowded full uv broadcloth an' uv silk,
An' satin rich as cream that grows on our ol' brindle's milk;
Shined boots, biled shirts, stiff dickeys, an' stove-pipe hats were there,
An' doods 'ith trouserlions so tight they couldn't kneel in prayer.

The elder, in his poolpit high, said, as he slowly riz:
"Our organist is kep' to him, laid up 'ith roomitis;
An' as we her no substitute, as Brother Moore ain't here,
Will some un in the congregation be so kind's to volunteer?"

An' then a red-nosed, drunken tramp, of low-toned, rowdy style,
Gave an introductory hiccup, an' staggered up the aisle.
Then thro' thet holy atmosphere there crep' er sense of sin,
An' thro' thet air of sanctity the odor uv ol' gin.

An' Deacon Furlington, he said, his teeth all sot on edge,
"This man purfanes the house er God! W'y, this is sacrilege!"
The tramp ne'er hear a word he said, but slouched 'ith stumbling feet,
An' sprawled an' staggered up the steps an' gained the organ seat.

An' then went pawin' thro' the keys, but soon there rose a strain
Thet seemed to jest bulge out the heart an' 'lectrify the brain;
An' then he bowed down on the thing 'ith hands an' head an' knees,
It seemed as tho' he'd fallen kerflop upon the keys.

The organ roared, the music flood went sweepin' high an' dry.
It swelled into the rafters an' bulged out to the sky.
The ol' church shook an' staggered, an' seemed to reel an' sway,
An' the elder shouted "Glory!" an' I yelled out "Hooray!"

An' then he tried a tender strain, that melted in our ears,
That brought up blessed memories an' drenched 'em down 'ith tears;
An' we dreamed of old-time kitchens, 'ith Tabby on the mat,
Uv home, an' love, an' baby-days, an' mother, an' all that.

An' then he struck a streak of hope, a song from souls forgiven,
Thet burst from prison bars uv sin an' stormed the gates of heaven;
The mornin' stars they sung together, no soul wuz left alone,
We felt the universe wuz safe an' God wuz on his throne!

An' then a wall of deep despair and darkness came again,
An' 'ing, black crape hung on the doors uv all the homes uv men;
No luv, no light, no joy, no hope, no songs of glad delight,
An' then—the tramp he staggered down and reeled back out uv sight.

But we knew he'd tol' his story, tho' he never spoke a word,
An' 't wuz the saddest story that our ears had ever heard;
He had tol' his own life-history, an' no eye wuz dry that day,
When the elder rose an' simply said: "My brethren, let us pray!"

S. W. Foss, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

A BAND OF MERCY BOY.

It was a cold morning in March, in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph Streets selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad, and kept trotting up and down, trying hard to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him; but one, about thirteen years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking at him for a few moments walked up to him and said, "I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out, "Times," "Herald," "Tribune," "News," in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers that in a little while the old man sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

"Is your father a Christian?" asked the new minister.

"No," replied the boy, "he sings in the choir."—*Burdette.*



Founders of American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.
Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.
GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS,
Secretary.

Over ten thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over seven hundred thousand members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to all."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy" information and other publications.

Also, *without cost*, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a "Band of Mercy" by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed, or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the "Band," and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the President:—

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
3. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
4. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
5. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers should be Presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier or better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

A Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

SEVERAL WAYS OF DOING.

BY REV. J. F. COWAN.

It was only a yelping street cur whose leg had just been run over by a passing wagon, but it had a voice pathetic and shrill enough to wake the dead.

"Get out!" yelled a man close to whom it passed, and he raised his cane to chastise it for offending his ears with such unearthly howls; but the poor brute only "ki-yi-d" the louder.

"Scat!" cried a bootblack, swinging his kit around a lamp-post after the cur. "Tie a can to its tail!" he yelled to some other boys, and off they scurried after the caudal ornament, only pausing long enough to shy a stone, which produced new and more discordant yelps.

"Why don't some one call the police to shoot him?" indignantly demanded a well-dressed lady, stopping her ears to shut out the sound. "It's a shame to allow such things." And still the dog's cries of pain rang shrilly down the street.

Then everybody stood still and stared at a very unusual scene. A lady, well dressed and refined in manner and look, motioned the street boys nearest her to stop yelling, and stepped quickly up toward the dog with a soft, white hand outstretched, and some soothing, soft-spoken words. The poor frightened thing stopped, curled its tail between its legs, and cringed down nearer the curbstone as if expecting another blow. She spoke to it again, calling it "poor doggie" and various pet names, until it turned its wistful eyes in mute pleading, and allowed her to put her hand on it. Then she stroked it softly, and reassured it further, while a boy ran to a near drug-store for something. She saturated her handkerchief with it and bound up the dog's leg. In a moment the brute was perfectly passive, and had ceased even to whine. She turned it over to the kind-hearted Irish janitor of the big Equitable Building, who had taken in the situation and brought out a box partly filled with excelsior. But before he could take it into the basement, a man with a leather case, saying that he was a doctor, offered his services to set the broken bone. The lady who had talked of shooting the cur politely tendered her handkerchief to brush off the dust. The boys gathering around proposed to "chip in" and buy some meat for the patient; and every one went away saying, "Well, I declare, she must be very fond of dogs."

She had never kept a dog in her life, and was just the least bit afraid of them; but she was the possessor of a heart sensitive to the sufferings of the meanest of God's creatures, and her little act of thoughtful humanity had stirred the better natures of those whose thoughtlessness made them inhuman.—*Congregationalist*.

A SILURIAN.

They built a fine church at his very door—
He wasn't in it;
They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—
He wasn't in it;
Let them work for themselves as he had done.
They wouldn't ask help of any one
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—
He wasn't in it.

So he passed the poor with a haughty tread—
He wasn't in it;
And he scorned the good with averted head—
He wasn't in it;
When men in the halls of virtue met,
He saw their goodness without regret;
Too high the mark for him to win it—
He wasn't in it.

A carriage crept down the street one day—
He was in it.
The funeral trappings made display—
He was in it.
St. Peter received him with book and bell:
"My friend, you have purchased a ticket to—well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute!"
He was in it.

Twice during the year man feels the need of rest—
Just before his vacation and again immediately after.—*Elmira Gazette*.

A lawn party—the mosquito.



HENRY BERGH.

We are indebted to the "Monumental News," of Chicago, for kindly permitting us to present to our readers the above print of the statue of Henry Bergh standing on the monument recently erected to his memory in Milwaukee. We should not wonder if, one of these days, wealthy citizens of New York should honor themselves and their city by following Milwaukee's example.

THE WOODS ON A SUMMER MORNING.

Have you heard, of a summer morning,
The burst of the woodland praise,
Like a glorious hallelujah
Which God's people love to raise
In their churches and cathedrals,—
"He reigneth for evermore!"
It is most sublime in the woodland
When the winds through the tall trees roar.

"He lieth forever and ever!"
It sounds from the crested hills,
It echoes in sheltered valleys,
And is sung by the tinkling rills.
The pines take it up in a whisper,
And the ferns repeat it again—
"He lieth forever and ever!"
In an endless, soft refrain.

The breeze tones down to a zephyr,
And the birds pour forth their lays,
And oh, what a burst of music
From their golden throats they raise—
"We praise Him for tender mercy,
We praise Him for loving care!"
And the winds take up the anthem,
Till the charm is everywhere.

We join in the acclamation,
As through far-distant trees
The winds again are roaring
Like the waves of storm tossed seas.
Our hearts are aglow with rapture
That the earth was made so fair,
And we feel a perceiving Presence
That sings and stirs in the air.

ANNA E. PRESTON.

The heroes of mankind are the mountains, the highlands, of the moral world. They diversify its monotony; they furnish the water-shed of its history.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, September, 1891.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk Street.

During September, please remember that kerosene rubbed on legs, faces, and necks of horses and cows will relieve them greatly from flies.

Persons wishing a bound volume of this paper for a public library, reading room, or the public room of a large hotel, can send us eighteen cents in postage stamps to pay postage and will receive the volume.

Persons wishing "Our Dumb Animals" for gratuitous distribution can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies, of back numbers.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have "Our Dumb Animals" one year for twenty-five cents.

Canvassers can have sample copies free, and retain one-half of every fifty cent subscription.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of about nine thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR CIRCULATION.

Our smallest monthly circulation last year was 36,000, our largest 75,000.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling telephone 1652, Boston.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges.

In emergency cases of severe injury, where owners are unable to pay, the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances, to examine our report of receipts which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers, please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

Some days I have over two hundred letters, and over one hundred magazines, newspapers, etc.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR OPINION.

Do you think it advisable, Mr. Angell, to give money to —?

Answer: *A most infallible test of the value of all organizations was given us over 1800 years ago, "By their fruit shall ye know them."*

Because good people do not carefully investigate, and obtain reliable information, millions of dollars are almost or quite thrown away.

TALK TO YOUR HORSES.

Horses are highly intelligent, and, while they cannot talk to you, seem to understand almost everything said to them. A few words spoken kindly to a frightened horse will do much more than can be accomplished by the use of the whip and tugging at the reins.

FOR PARENTS.

The best way for parents to train up a child in the way it should go, is to travel that way themselves.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

The July London "Zoophilist" spoke of us, by mistake, as president of "The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Mr. C. H. Hankinson, superintendent of the above society, very properly says in the August "Zoophilist" that Mr. John P. Haines is president of the "American Society, and that we are president of "The Massachusetts Society."

That there may be no more confusion in the minds of our European friends, we will explain:—

The New York Society was founded by our good friend the late lamented Henry Bergh, two years before the founding of the Massachusetts Society, and, being the first in this country, he named it "American."

In reality it is simply a New York society, having no connection whatever with societies in other States and Territories.

"The American Humane Education Society," of which we have also the pleasure of being president, incorporated by the Legislature of Massachusetts, with power to hold half a million of dollars free from taxation, and having its offices in Boston, is in reality a National organization, having its officers in various States, sending its missionaries into many States, and founding thousands of its "Bands of Mercy," and sending hundreds of thousands of copies of its humane publications all over the American continent north of Mexico, and receiving its financial support from friends of humane education all over the country.

The "American S. P. C. A." is the State society of New York; "The Massachusetts S. P. C. A." is the State society of Massachusetts; "The American Humane Education Society" (the first of its kind in the world) is a National, or rather a Continental, society, doing its work thus far over the continent north of Mexico, and now planning to extend its work, as soon as its finances will warrant, over Mexico, Central America, and to the South American nations.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston.

WHY?

Why does Mr. Angell have letters, papers, and packages going out from his offices stamped Geo. T. Angell, President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk Street, Boston?

Answer: Because every such stamp tends to help call public attention, lead to investigation, and give increased power.

OUR ANTI-VIVISECTION FRIENDS.

We trust that our anti-vivisection friends, in their zeal to abolish one form of suffering, will not forget that there are other forms which demand their sympathy.

More than a thousand millions of the human race, in every generation, pass through sickness and pain into the great unknown.

Millions of them, during every hour of the day and night, are tortured to greater or less extent with mental and physical suffering.

War, pestilence, drunkenness, and crime bring agonies which no pencil can paint or pen describe.

The tree of cruelty, like the great Banian tree of India, has, it may be, a thousand trunks.

In the animal world millions die of contagious and other diseases which medical science has thus far failed to discover any means of preventing.

Hundreds of thousands die in transportation on our railroads and ocean steamers.

Hundreds of thousands die of cold and starvation on our great plains.

Millions die in our slaughter-houses with unnecessary suffering—often standing and

witnessing the slaughter of other animals, knowing as well as human beings that their turn is coming next.

The moanings of hundreds of thousands of cattle are heard every spring when deprived of their offspring.

Millions of beautiful birds are killed and wounded to supply women with ornaments, and to gratify those who find sport in killing.

To hundreds of thousands of horses life is suffering until death gives relief.

It is no fault of ours.

We are brought into this world by no choice of our own.

We must take it as we find it.

But one thing we can do, namely, try to make it happier and better both for our own generation and for those that will follow us, and one thing there is which strikes right at the roots of all cruelty, and that is humane education—humane education in all our schools and Sunday schools and homes.

Every humane publication that our "American Humane Education Society" sends out helps on the work.

The half million copies of "Black Beauty" we have already sent out, and the millions in various languages we hope to, will all help on the work.

The missionaries we are employing and the "Humane Societies" we are forming help on the work.

The prizes we have offered to college students, editors and others, help on the work.

The over ten thousand "Bands of Mercy" we have already formed, and the hundreds of thousands we hope to form, are, and will all be, so many fires kindled at the roots of this great Banian tree of cruelty, suffering, and crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

VIVISECTION.

Mrs. Caroline Earle White, president of the "Women's Branch" of Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., lectured on vivisection before the "Summer School of Ethics," at Plymouth, Mass., August 11th.

Mrs. White writes us that the anti-vivisection societies have been at work in Europe about fifteen years, in America about seven.

(From the "New Orleans Picayune.")

On July 28th, 1882, the first Band of Mercy was organized in America by Mr. Geo. T. Angell [and Rev. Thomas Timmins]. All Bands of Mercy would do well to celebrate the birthday that has brought so much joy, so much blessing to the dumb beasts, and not only to these, but to our fellow human beings.

KIND LETTER FROM CLERK OF OUR SUPERIOR COURT.

DEAR BROTHER ANGELL:

I am glad to see that you wage perpetual war on docking, and I wish the law against it might be made penal to any one who shall purchase or drive a docked horse. I have owned over one hundred horses, and would not buy or drive a docked horse. It is not only cruel and brutal, but it mars the beauty of the animal, and deprives him of his defence against the torture of flies. What is more beautiful than a long, full tail, reaching nearly to the ground?

Docking also deprives the animal of some power, necessarily, as he loses a portion of his spinal column. Another mutilation is creeping into fashion—that of cutting off the mane so that a lot of apparent bristles stand erect on the neck.

As Chas. A. Welch says, "I hope there is a heaven for horses; they have hell enough here."

Yours faithfully,

August 13th. JOSEPH A. WILLARD.

Our faith is the centre of the target at which God doth shoot when he tries; and if any other grace shall escape untried, certainly faith shall not.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

A FACT.

Three little kittens, so downy and soft,
Were cuddled up by the fire,
And two little children were sleeping aloft,
As cosy as heart could desire;
Dreaming of something ever so nice,
Dolls and sugar-plums, rats and mice.
The night wore on, and the mistress said,
"I'm sleepy, I must confess,
And as kitties and babies are safe in bed,
I'll go to bed too, I guess."
She went upstairs, just a story higher,
While the kittens slept by the kitchen fire.
"What noise can that be?" the mistress said.
"Meow! meow!" "I'm afraid
A poor kitty-cat's fallen out of bed!
The nice little nest I made!"
"Meow! meow!" "Dear me! dear me!
I wonder what can the matter be!"
The mistress paused on an upper stair,
For, what did she see below?
But three little kittens, with frightened air,
Standing up in a row!
With six little paws on the step above,
And no mother cat to caress or love!
Through the kitchen door came a cloud of
smoke!
The mistress, in great alarm,
To a sense of danger straightway awoke:
Her babies might come to harm.
On the kitchen hearth, to her great amaze,
Was a basket of shavings beginning to
blaze.
The three little kittens were hugged and
kissed,
And promised many a mouse;
While their names were put upon honor's
list,
For hadn't they saved a house?
And two little children were gathered tight
To their mother's heart ere she slept that
night.

—Home and School Visitor.

The power of words is immense. A well-chosen word has often sufficed to stop a flying army, to change defeat into victory, and to save an empire.

E. DE GIRARDIN.

NINE THOUSAND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

We send our paper this month to the editors of about 9,000 newspapers and magazines. Last year, in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," we ordered it sent monthly to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico.

We are now sending it one month to one half and the next to the other; and whenever we find papers taking active interest we put them on a third list to receive it every month.

We believe there is no paper in the world sent to half as many editors as ours; and we believe there is no paper in the world read by half as many editors as ours.

It is a pictorial paper.

It is acceptable to North and South, East and West, not only to children but to grown persons of every form of religious and political belief.

Every editor who has children, and almost every editor who has a wife, wants it; and every wrapper is so stamped that the moment an editor sees it he knows what it is, and so it escapes the waste basket.

People have wondered how we have obtained in so short a time a circulation of over half a million copies of "Black Beauty."

It is because we have received thousands of kind notices from editors who have read about it in "Our Dumb Animals."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO CIRCULATE THE VIVISECTION ESSAYS.

A KIND LETTER.

August 11, 1891.

MR. ANGELL:

Dear Sir,—A lady asks me to send you the enclosed fifty dollar check. May I trouble you (provided you have no more pressing need for it, and should deem it expedient) to send your essays on vivisection to the president of each of our colleges, asking him kindly to call the special attention of the professors and students interested in physiological research and experiment to a careful consideration of the same.



HARVEST ON THE PRAIRIE.

From "Out and About," published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

THE PRAIRIES.

"These are gardens of the West—these The ripened fields, boundless and beautiful— For which the speech of England has no name— The prairies! I behold them for the first, And my heart swells, while the dilated eye Takes in their encircling vastness."

ACROSS THE WHEAT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

You ask me for the sweetest sound mine ears have ever heard?
A sweeter than the ripples' plash or trilling of a bird,
Than tapping of the raindrops upon the roof at night,
Than the sighing of the pine trees on yonder mountain height;
And I tell you these are tender, yet never quite so sweet
As the murmur and the cadence of the wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows in a sunlit sea of grain,
Ere yet the reaper bound the sheaves to fill the creaking wain?

Have you thought how snow and tempest and the bitter winter cold,
Were but the guardian angels the next year's bread to hold,
A precious thing, unharmed by the turmoil of the sky,
Just waiting, growing, silently, until the storms went by?

O! have you lifted up your heart to Him who loves us all,
And listens, through the angel-songs, if but a sparrow fall?
And then, thus thinking of His hand, what symphony so sweet

As the music in the long refrain, the wind across the wheat?
It hath its dulcet echoes from many a lullaby,
Where the cradled babe is hushed 'neath the mother's loving eye.

It hath its heaven-promise, as sure as Heaven's throne,
That He who sent the manna will ever feed His own;
And, though an atom only, 'mid the countless hosts who share

The Maker's never-ceasing watch, the Father's deathless care,
Do you wonder when it sings me this, there's nothing half so sweet
Beneath the circling planets, as the wind across the wheat?

THE CLERGY.

From the very beginning of our humane work, twenty-two years ago, we have seen the great importance of winning the sympathy and aid of the reverend clergy of all denominations—Protestant and Roman Catholic.

For this purpose we send this paper monthly to all the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy of our own State, and to leading clergymen of other States.

For that purpose we have been kindly per-

mitted many times to address the Monday morning meetings of our Boston clergy of different denominations, and several times the union meetings of the Evangelical Alliance of clergy of all Protestant denominations.

We have been kindly allowed the same privilege in large Western and Southern cities.

In our August paper we stated that among our plans for the coming Fall and winter was one of employing a gentleman of the highest educational rank, who would be welcomed by all American educators, to visit all our large American cities and address their school boards and teachers on the importance of humane education and "Bands of Mercy" in all their schools; also to visit our leading American colleges and—as we had the pleasure of doing to some extent many years ago—address their faculties and students on the same subjects and urge the importance of forming college humane societies.

We stated that we knew the man who could do it, but his time was valuable and he could not afford to work for small pay.

To this statement we now add that as soon as our "American Humane Education Society" can safely incur this additional expense without endangering the work already entered upon, we shall be glad to put this gentleman into the field, and add to his duties above described the addressing of the Monday morning and other large meetings of the clergy of the various denominations in all our large cities, on the importance of our work, not only for the protection of God's lower creatures, but also for the prevention of crime, the preservation of this nation, and the protection of property and life.

We do not ask those who cannot afford it to send us money for this purpose; but we do ask those of large means, who have interest in the public welfare, to give us financial power to carry out this important plan.

Give us the means and we will reach the press, the clergy, the colleges, and the schools of this whole country.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

The man who never praises his wife deserves to have a poor one.

Love in its purity is the triumph of the unselfish over the selfish part of our nature.

ONE OF THOUSANDS.

A PLEASANT LETTER FROM THE EPISCOPAL BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

EPISCOPAL ROOMS, 1102 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, April 25, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. ANGELL:

I have read "*Black Beauty*" with interchanging tears and smiles. I love a horse, and have no respect for the man who treats one unkindly.

Its reading will do much towards implanting a spirit of kindness in the heart of any man or boy. I wish it could be read by every boy and girl in the country.

Faithfully yours,

O. W. WHITAKER,
Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania.

I enclose a gift to aid in circulating the book.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

We are pleased to find, in a letter from Mrs. Margaret Bottome, founder and president of "The King's Daughters," this: "I asked the driver of the mountain coach the other day if he had read "*Black Beauty*." He smiled, and said, 'O yes; and my horses have seemed more like friends ever since.'"

IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS QUESTIONS.

(1) Is the Power that creates all animal and vegetable life—that keeps the stars in their places—that gives us rain and sunshine, seed-time and harvest—that gives to every animal one life—is it able to give another if it pleases?

(2) Is exact justice rendered to animals in this life? If not, how can it be rendered unless they have another?

(3) Is it likely that this Power permits the holiest and best of its human children to fare at death precisely the same as those whose whole lives have been passed in committing the foulest crimes? If not, is it probable that it forgets the innocent sufferings of dumb creatures and gives them no compensation?

(4) In short, is there power to give another life? Ought it to be done? Is there will to do it?
GEO. T. ANGELL.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

We are pleased to see that Miss Willard has recently addressed a National Roman Catholic Temperance Convention at Washington, D. C., and that upon her invitation a committee from that convention will attend the World's Congress of "The Woman's Christian Temperance Union," to be held at Boston in November, and of which Miss Willard is president.

In matters of temperance and humane education there should be no strife between Protestant and Catholic, except a noble emulation on the part of each to do more good than the other.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A STORY WORTH REMEMBERING.

The San Francisco Bulletin says: The other day a lady living near Winters threw into the yard several jars of brandied cherries. She had a flock of turkeys running about, and soon after her little boy came in and told her the turkeys were all dead. Sure enough, they all lay stiff and still. She had them all carried into the house, where she picked the feathers from each one, and the plucked birds were then thrown into a corner of the yard to be buried. In an hour or two the lady was horrified to look out and see the nude turkeys walking about seeming very much embarrassed.

That was bad for the turkeys, but no worse than has been repeatedly played upon a class of human turkeys who visit rum saloons, get plucked of money and good clothes, and thrown into police stations.

Teach her to regard morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her that a good, steady, churchgoing mechanic, farmer, clerk, or teacher, without a cent, is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

KIND LETTER.

We are glad to receive from one of the most influential ladies of the West, and one of the largest contributors to our "*American Humane Education Society*," a kind letter, from which we publish the following:—

"DEAR MR. ANGELL:

Many thanks for the beautiful bound volume of "*Our Dumb Animals*," lately received from you. How it would be possible to improve, I cannot see; yet it seems to me that every number grows better and better. Your article on the "*Barbarism of Wealth*" I think to be one of the ablest I have ever seen, and it should be copied into every paper in the country."

The sending of our paper every month to some 18,000 American editors involves an expense to our "*American Humane Education Society*" of upwards of four thousand dollars a year, and, as our society is now taking upon itself so much work in different directions, we have felt that until it receives more donations we must so far modify our plan as to send it to one-half of our American editors one month and to the other half the next. From this plan it follows that our article on the "*Barbarism of Wealth*" has reached only one-half of the 18,000 newspapers and magazines, and in accordance with the wish of our good friend and generous contributor, as above set forth, we republish that article in this number, that it may reach the other half.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE BARBARISM OF WEALTH.

A good deal is said about humanely educating the "hoodlums."

One of the first of the sixty-one large Boston public schools we addressed a few years ago was in a "hoodlum" district, and largely filled with "hoodlums."

We never had a more respectful or attentive audience during an entire hour than in that school, and lots of those "hoodlums" came to our office in the days that followed to join the "*Band of Mercy*."

They were sons of very poor parents, and if they fail to become anarchists one of these days it may be because of the humane teachings they have received.

But there is another class of "hoodlums," vastly more dangerous to the future of this nation.

The two hundred students of Yale who showered cannon torpedoes upon the unoffending horses, elephants, and other animals of Barnum's Show while passing the college grounds, as described in July "*Our Dumb Animals*," until they were made frantic with terror—the Harvard students who have been maintaining a dog pit, and who, after turning one of our largest and best hotels into pandemonium, were driven out by the Boston police—the millionaires of New York's "four hundred" who shoot live pigeons for sport, and drive their docked horses with tight check-reins through the streets of that city,—the millionaire of that same New York select society who bought four fine horses of a White Mountain landlord for \$1800, and drove the poor creatures on a vager from the "*Glen House*" to the top of Mount Washington, in one hour, and who, when his laughing family arrived at the top, with horses almost dead, expected to be received with cheers, but to the credit of humanity was roundly hissed,—these people all belong to a class of "hoodlums" who are in as great need of humane education as the most neglected boy or girl, in the most neglected home in America.

Honor to the Massachusetts stable keeper who, in a case which recently came to our notice, when offered by one of these New York gentlemen a large price for two beautiful horses [double what he paid for them]—on learning that the first thing to be done with them was to mutilate them for life, by cutting off their tails, refused to sell.

It is not the poor alone, but the rich, that need humane education.

When we shall have waked the press and

the pulpit and the teachers of all our colleges and schools to this important fact, then life and property in this country—including the savings of the poor and the investments of widows and orphans—will be safer, and the millennium nearer than now.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

AMERICAN SHIPBUILDER.

We thank Mr. G. F. Howell, editor of the above New York paper, for a kind letter, in which he expresses the hope that "*Black Beauty*" may be read by all the convicts in our prisons, and adds, "Our millionaires could not invest \$10,000 better than by sending it to 'The American Humane Education Society' to aid in the distribution of this book."

WHAT CHURCH DO YOU MOST SYMPATHIZE WITH, MR. ANGELL?

Answer: We are not a clergyman, as some of our correspondents have thought, and never were.

The money which has enabled us to work over twenty years—without charge—for humane education and the protection of dumb animals, was earned in our earlier life in the practice of law.

We sympathize with every church that believes in God and hopes for immortality.

We have been glad to stand many times in the pulpits of all our leading Protestant denominations, and been quite as glad to stand before the altar in the Roman Catholic church, and preach, as best we could, the gospel of mercy to God's lower creatures.

Our daily wish and prayer is for a long, happy, and useful life here, and an immortality of happiness and usefulness hereafter.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GOOD LETTER.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, July 20, 1891.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I enclose herewith \$50.00, a donation from my wife, to be expended as you think best.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES E. DEWOLF.

[We put this at once into the fund of our "*American Humane Education Society*."]—EDITOR.]

OLIVE THORNE MILLER IN NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."

Appeals have come away out to the Rocky Mountains to me, urging me to say something in regard to a recent article in a New York paper advising the stuffing of birds by boys and girls. I have not seen the article, but the subject is dear to me, and I should like to utter a protest that would reach every parent and every teacher in America.

Why in the name of all that is humane should youth be encouraged to slaughter? Do we not, as parents and educators, make earnest effort to teach them humanity and respect for the rights of others, even of animals? Why, then, should we make exception in the case of the feathered race, not only the most beautiful and interesting, but the most useful to man, of the whole animal kingdom? Why not teach our youth to interest themselves in the bird, alive and free? A live robin, with all his "tricks and manners," is a thousand times more attractive than a dead one. A child once taught to watch birds intelligently has learned something that will interest him for life, and while cultivating his better nature, and thereby making him a better man, it also saves from destruction precious lives spent almost wholly in our service. Regarded in even the most selfish way, as to its effect on the character of the boy, and its effect on our crops, I cannot see how any parent or teacher can countenance the destruction of birds.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

HE HADN'T THE NERVE.

A gentleman in the orchestra was unable to see the stage on account of a tall hat. So he leaned over and whispered to the lady's escort,—

"I wish you would tell the lady who is with you to take off her hat. I can't see the stage at all."

"My dear sir, I would rather you would tell her that yourself, if you please. She is my wife," was the whispered reply of the husband.—*Texas Siftings*.

In Rev. Dr. Wayland's time a meeting of the American Scientific Association was held in this city, says the *Providence Journal*. The Doctor gave a party to the association. His friends were considerably surprised the next morning to find it reported in the newspapers that Dr. Wayland had given a billiard party, instead of a brilliant party.

GLOBE THEATRE, BOSTON. KIND ACT OF ITS MANAGER.

When the painters were at work on the facade of the Globe Theatre, last week, they found a dove in a groove of one of the iron cornices. She had built her nest there and was raising a family. It was impossible to regild the letter "O" in the word "Globe" without disturbing the dove. Manager John Stetson said he would not have that dove disturbed for \$1000; it was a good omen. — *Boston Evening Transcript*.

A TRUE INCIDENT

Related to the editor of "Our Dumb Animals" by Julia A. Eastman, principal of "Dana Hall School," Wellesley, Mass., and author of "Striking for the Right."

It was in June, 1869, just after daylight, that the large warehouse of the American Whip Company, at Westfield, Mass., was found to be on fire. The building was in the midst of the village, and a crowd soon collected and stood watching the flames and the movements of the firemen.

Some of the readers of "Our Dumb Animals" will, I am sure, recall one incident of that morning; how, as the flames crept toward the further end of the building, and the smoke drifted up into the belfry, flocks of pigeons were seen to fly in and out wild with terror. We saw at once what the trouble was. Their nests were there filled with young pigeons, and the mother hearts were anxious for their children.

The men and women who stood there left off watching the engines, and watched the birds. Presently, after several frantic flights, they all alighted upon the roof of the Second Church, which was the nearest building. There was apparently a consultation among them, and then, as by a common decision, they all spread their wings and flew back into the smoke and flames, and from which they fell dead at the feet of the firemen.

ANOTHER INCIDENT.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]
BY JULIA A. EASTMAN.

A gentleman in Southern Connecticut took not long ago a collie from the Lothian Kennels at Stepney. The dog, after the fashion of his kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl three years of age.

It happened, one day in November, that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared his house he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating it. Leaving his horse, and going to the spot, he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her. In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and as he traced it back he saw where the little one had walked several times around an open well in the pasture; very close to the brink were the prints of the baby shoes, but still closer, on the very edge of the well, were the tracks of the collie, who had evidently kept between her and the well. I need not tell you the feelings of the father as he saw the fidelity of the dumb creature, walking between the child and what might otherwise have been a terrible death.

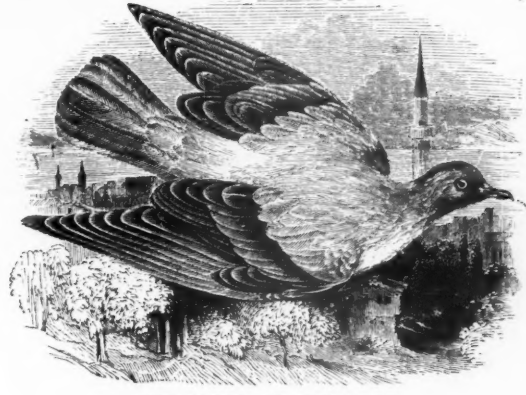
[For Our Dumb Animals.]

In passing along the street in Swampscott, Mass., one warm sunshiny morning not long since, when near Mr. John Washburn's stable, I saw approaching, a few rods off, a watering-cart. A sparrow perched upon a neighboring bush was evidently waiting for its daily bath. Flying down, it placed itself in the road only a short distance from me, in front of, but out of danger of the horse's feet and the heavy wheels of the cart, though very nearly in line with both. There, crouching down in the dust, it awaited the passing sprinkler, receiving a copious shower with, apparently, the greatest delight. After the vehicle passed, giving itself a good shake, with a cheerful chirp of satisfaction, it resumed its former position to smooth its feathers and complete its morning toilet.

Pure Silver Band of Mercy Badge,



Conting at our Offices, or sent post-paid, Thirty Cents.



THE ANGEL OF THE SIEGE.

OVERHEAD RIGHTS.

Although any one may extend an overhead wire across or along a street, it does not seem generally known that no wire may pass over a house without the permission of the proprietor, even though the wire be in no way connected with the house. The owner may, if he pleases, take them all down, for his freehold extends from the centre of the earth up to the sky. The landlord of a large boarding-house on Beacon Hill made the electric light company provide bulbs for the lighting of his dining-room in return for the privilege of stringing wires upon his roof. — *Boston Courier*.

BABY'S LIFE SAVED BY A PIGEON.

(San Francisco Examiner.)

An incident occurred recently in the family of G. F. Marsh, the dealer in Japanese curiosities at 625 Market Street, and a member of the Pacific Coast Pigeon Society, which proved to him in a most impressive manner the valuable services which may sometimes be rendered by the carrier pigeon, and probably explains some of his enthusiasm in that direction. His little baby boy was taken slightly sick with most alarming symptoms of diphtheria. The mother, watching by the bedside of the little one, despatched a message tied on a carrier pigeon to her husband at his store on Market Street. In the message she wrote the nature of the child's alarming illness, and made an urgent appeal for medicine to save its life. The bird was started from the home of the family, near the Cliff House, five miles from Mr. Marsh's Market Street store.

The bird flew swiftly to the store, where Mr. Marsh received it. He read the message, called a doctor, explained the child's symptoms as his wife had detailed them in her message, and received the proper medicine. Then tying the little vial containing the medicine to the tail of the pigeon, he let it go. The pigeon sped away through the air, straight for the cliff. It made the distance, five miles, in ten minutes; a distance which would have required the doctor three quarters of an hour to cover. In twenty minutes from the time the mother's message was sent to her husband the baby was taking the medicine. Naturally enough Mr. Marsh is partial to pigeons, for he considers that he owes his baby's life to one.

PARROTS DANGEROUS.

One day, when this parrot's mistress was very busy, and did not care to see callers, she happened to look out of the window, and saw an acquaintance approaching the house.

"There comes Mrs. B. Dear, dear!" she said in a tone of impatience.

A moment later, Mrs. B. was ushered in. On the instant Polly exclaimed, with a remarkable imitation of her mistress's tone and emphasis,

"There comes Mrs. D. Dear, dear!"

Secretary Rusk has issued an order to all railroad companies that cattle transported must be shipped in cars in which the animals "can and do have proper food, water, space, and opportunity to rest." All violators of the law will be prosecuted. — *Boston Globe*, July 24, 1891.

THE ANGEL OF THE SIEGE.

In the Franco-Prussian War there were scarcely any pigeons to be used for communicating with the unfortunate Parisians. Fifty-seven birds were taken out of Paris by balloons, and they carried many messages from the outside world to the besieged. One of these birds escaped the crack shots of the German army six times, and was known as "the angel of the siege."

To enable the birds to carry so great a number of messages photography was called in, and by using films it was possible for one bird to carry a hundred communications in a single quill. Thus was the "Times," the well-known English newspaper, reduced to a microscopic form, and on its arrival in the besieged city it was enlarged and eagerly scanned by anxious crowds.

The military pigeon lofts of France are now on a large scale; birds are selected from renowned strains, and tests and experiments are made with as much care as the trial of a new gun or torpedo. Official returns give about 250,000 as the number of pigeons available for the use of the French Government in case of war. The Germans, too, after the war, decided to not only foster and increase the lofts, insuring complete arrangements for every military establishment and district, but inducements were offered to private individuals throughout the country to rear and train the birds, in order that a reserve force should be ready in an emergency.

The Russians, who will not injure a pigeon because of religious sentiment, connected with the Holy Ghost having been made manifest in the form of this bird, were quick to put themselves on an equality with their German neighbors. Italy followed suit, and, although in quite a different sense, the pigeon is held almost sacred in that country. In the future the pets of Venice and the general favorites of the sons of the sunny South are to be used for purposes of war as well as peace.

SISTER MARGARET—A MODERN HEROINE.

The latest heroine is Sister Margaret France, of St. Victor's Convent, near Montreal, which was burned on Wednesday morning, July 8th. The convent contained a large number of deaf-mute children as pupils, but seems to have had no fire escape, although the children were lodged on the sixth floor. At an hour in the morning when sleep is the soundest, Sister Margaret, in charge of the sixth floor dormitory, awoke to find the room on fire and the children flocking around her. The stairway was on fire, and the would-be rescuers who came from the neighborhood had no ladders. A worse outlook for successful escape could scarcely be imagined; yet this one woman saved the children and herself, too.

She gathered them in the corner of the building farthest from that part in which the flames were raging, and, making a rope of bed clothing, lowered her charges, one by one, to the ground. She kept at her work for half an hour and until the last child was safely landed; then slipped down the rope herself, with her hands and arms blistered by the heat and the hair singed from her head, and when she reached the ground—fainted.

TWO CLASSMATES.

We find in "The Congregationalist" a good story. A class-meeting of the graduates of one of our colleges, after twenty-five years, was to be held.

Horsley, who had made a large fortune, and was living with all that wealth could command, invited Morgan, who, refusing the almost certainty of equal wealth, had chosen to become a missionary clergyman in a poor parish—and with wife and five children was struggling to live on \$600 a year—to come with his wife, who was also a classmate of Horsley's wife at a young ladies' seminary, and attend the class-meeting, and spend a week at Horsley's elegant home.

On the night of the class banquet Morgan came home with a haggard face, and sat down beside his wife without a word.

"Are you not going to tell me about it, Will?" she said. "You have been looking forward to this reunion as the happiest day in your life. Were all your old friends there?"

"Yes," he said, rousing himself; "only a few were absent. The boys have been very successful, as a rule. Two or three have made brilliant reputations at the bar, one is an eminent surgeon, and several are enormously rich, like Jack Horsley. I"—he stopped, rose, and walked nervously to the window—"I, with a houseful of children, am starving on six hundred a year."

Mrs. Morgan did not answer at once; usually her faith burned bright and clear. But she was human, and she had seen Mrs. Horsley's butler glance at her gown to-night, recognizing it as one of his mistress's; and Mrs. Horsley had amused her by showing her her little girl's Parisian toilets for the coming winter.

"Why," she thought, "should this child be wrapped in velvet and lace while mine have not flannel to keep them from the cold?"

The question is as old as the world; so is the doubt that looked out of the eyes of wife and husband as they faced their life that night.

"Do not tell me that I made a mistake!" he said. "I chose to serve God, instead of making money. I thought I was right."

"You were right, Will," but her tones were dull and cold. "Let us go to sleep now. I wish we had not come here. I am glad we are going back to-morrow."

They were at breakfast next morning; the shabby little trunk had been sent to the station. The world looked different to them both in the healthy morning light. Mrs. Morgan's blue eyes had regained something of their happy calm. She was watching little Lucy Horsley critically, and thinking that her own girls had stronger muscles and stronger brains. Life had compensations, after all. Her husband was talking to Mr. Horsley.

"I asked Tom Hare about his family," he said, "but he evaded the question."

"No wonder! he had a son who went to the dogs. So did Caridon's boy. The usual story of American lads, born to huge fortunes, launched on life without work or sense of responsibility and a vast sum to spend! Your sons, Will, have a tremendous advantage in being poor, with education, high principle, and the necessity upon them of exertion. You may not see it, but it is true."

Before they had finished breakfast the servant came up to Mr. Morgan.

"A lady to see you, sir. I told her you were going to leave town in a few minutes and were engaged, but she was very urgent."

The clergyman rose hastily and went out to the library. A woman, plainly but comfortably dressed, stood waiting, and came hastily to meet him, evidently with deep emotion.

"I will not detain you, Mr. Morgan, but I may never have the chance to speak to you again. I owe my life—I owe more than my life—to you. I was a poor seamstress, ill-paid, hungry, wretched. A married man who said he loved me, offered me a home. If you knew what the temptation was to me! I was so weak, so tired, tired! There was comfort, luxury. I had nobody, not even a friend, to be ashamed by my disgrace. There was nothing to hold me but the remembrance of my mother, and she was in her grave. I wandered the street that evening, afraid to go to my wretched room and be alone. I came to the church, and I found a little chapel. They were singing. I crept in to escape from myself in the crowd. You prayed and preached. Mr. Morgan, I shall always believe that God sent you that night to my soul to bring it back to Him. You prayed for me—me!"

Her sobs choked her; she turned away.

"I thank God if I helped you," said Will, in a low voice.

"You saved me!" She came up to him and took his hand. "Every word you spoke was meant for me. I went back to my room and to my work the next day. I married an honest man who loved me, and we have prospered. I wish you could see my husband and children. But I felt that I must tell you that I owe all that I am to you."

When Mr. Morgan rejoined his wife there was a light in his eyes which had not been there before.

They had a long journey home that day; the rain beat on the windows of the car and the air was chill. At one of the stations two farmers came in who were members of Mr. Morgan's church. They met him with a shout of delight. His wife's heart beat better at the sight of the homely, kind faces. How they loved Will! For how much he counted in their lives!

"We thought you would be on this train," one of them said. "It is time you were home. The village is going to pieces without you. Ned Maskey is at home and wants to take my Jennie back with him. They have been engaged for years, you know. They're waiting for you to marry them. I want his blessing on my marriage," she said, with tears in her eyes, to-day."

"And old Mother Finn is worse," said the other, "and she is afraid she will die before you come. She thinks if you are beside her she can go down quietly into the dark valley."

"Have you seen my children lately?" said Mrs. Morgan.

"Bless you, yes. See them every day. We took care of them. Most of the folks will drop in to welcome you to-night. My wife and the other women have been boiling hams and baking cakes for supper all day. O, you have no idea how we missed you!"

As the train approached the station the conductor came to Will and touched his hat.

"You do not know me, sir?"

Mr. Morgan hesitated.

"It is not Jennings?"

"Yes, Jennings," the man's face beamed with happy meanings. "Yes, sir; I have held this position now for four years. You will see my house at the next station—a pretty little cottage. My wife and the two babies are there."

"I am glad to hear it, Jennings, glad indeed!"

He wrung the man's hand cordially.

"I knew you would be, sir," Jennings turned to call the next station, and then added hurriedly, "I don't forget, Mr. Morgan! I don't forget!" and passed out of the car.

"Who is that, Will?" asked Mrs. Morgan.

"Don't you remember drunken Jake Jennings?"

"Whom you brought home and kept for four months? And you have done all that for him? O, Will!"

She thrust her hand into his in the darkness and held it close. How near in his poverty and pure purpose he came to the hearts of his people, of these poor Magdalenes and drunkards! Hand and hand with them he was leading them to heaven. They loved him. God was with him.

The train stopped at their own station presently. There were the children waiting on the platform, and a crowd of his people smiling a welcome.

"O, Will," she said, "I am glad that we are at home; you have chosen wisely."

Will made no answer. But as the people whom he had helped and strengthened gathered around him, and he caught sight of Jennings's happy face on the platform of the vanishing train, he knew that there were higher successes in life than making money.

A FISH ARMY.

Among animals there are several which have learned the security which comes from disciplined numbers and the necessity of prompt obedience to a commander.

Monkeys raid plantations in well-ordered companies. The little peccary pigs of South America hunt in regiments. Among birds the crows migrate in bands implicitly obedient to a chief. Some of the larger ants move across country in destructive columns and leave no living thing in their track.

That some fishes make a similar orderly arrangement for themselves is not so well known.

In the South Pacific, where coral walls surround every island, the most common fish of the smooth water within the reefs is a small species of mullet. These fishes swim about in schools of several hundred. At daybreak they swim so close to the surface that the water is cut "every which way" by their stiff dorsal fins; at other times they swim deep among the branching twigs of coral. But the water is so clear and the bottom so white that one may easily observe the tactics of these submarine armies.

Like troops going out to war, these fish have officers, pioneers, a skirmish line on each flank, a rear guard—everything which pertains to an army of troops, except stragglers. Human troops have to look out for the enemy only upon the same level as themselves; the fish are liable to attack from above and from below as well; therefore, a corps of sappers and miners keeping even pace below them and a force of scouts keeping even pace overhead accompany each army.

When the watcher leaning over the rail of his boat sees three of the mullet swimming cautiously along, one directly over the other, he may know that the army will soon follow, if he himself be careful not to arouse the suspicions of the scouts. The three fish swim slowly on, each alert for any danger on his particular plane; a sharp eye will discern a similar group a few feet away, and perhaps a third may be seen more distant still. A few fathoms in the rear will be seen the solid school of fish swimming along unconcernedly, with perfect confidence in the watchfulness of their scouts. Similar parties of three are detached on each flank, and above and below the main army are single fish deployed at regular distances.

If any sea bird seems to threaten a plunge, the overhead scouts sink to the main body, which at once moves downward to a level of greater security; if the lower tier of scouts spies danger in the crannies of the coral bottom they swim upward, and the entire school rises nearer to the surface until the peril is past.

The flanking parties are ever on the lookout for rapacious fish of larger kind which find a dainty meal in the mullet.

Drill and tactics are best displayed when the school is about to enter a basin in the coral, their chosen feeding ground. The main body halts at the entrance and adopts a still more compact formation by closing up their ranks and resting on different levels. The flanking parties set out right and left about the pool, leaving three sentinels at every opening which gives the broader sea without. The guides swim across the basin in every direction until satisfied that it is free from dangers; then, after inspecting the guard at every pass, they return to the school. Only now does the great body of the fish enter the pool and scatter to feed upon the

bottom. A guard is left at the entrance, while the guides swimming near the surface look out for dangers from the air.

Soon some of the fish feeding at the bottom leave the others, apparently in response to some signal. By threes they swim to the several passages to relieve the pickets and others rise to the surface to take the place of those on duty there.

No matter how long the school may remain in its feeding place, the precautions are never relaxed, and twice or thrice an hour the guard is relieved in the orderly fashion of disciplined soldiery.

THE PACIFIC MEDICAL JOURNAL.

The "Pacific Medical Journal," one of our largest and best exchanges, after giving an account of the terrible cruelties inflicted on dumb animals in the San Francisco slaughterhouses, which it calls "The Inferno of Butcher-town," adds the following:—

"We would suggest that the society do not stop at the slaughter-houses and markets, but turn their attention also to sportsmen who, for wanton pleasure, cruelly torture inoffensive animals. We have seen sea-gulls shot and wounded from the decks of steamships by idle passengers—clergymen among them—as a mere pastime, and fishes pulled from the deep—not to be eaten, but to die and rot. This is called 'sport.' Shame! Shame!! Shame!!!"

WISE, BUT TRICKY.

There is a trick practised by one of the West End tow-horses on the Cambridge Street hill which, the Listener has no doubt, has been noticed by a great many people, and which is well worth being put on record. The horses stand in line at the foot of the hill, each, when he returns from a tow, taking a position at the rear. In this way each horse gets his turn at towing. Among the tow-horses at this hill is a big-necked gray, a stout and wise old fellow. He has been seen, when the tow-boys are temporarily around the corner, as they sometimes are, to sneak out of his position when he has got to the head of the line, and quietly move round to the foot. In this way he dodges his turn at pulling the car up the hill.—*Boston Evening Transcript, June 27.*

[Similar to the above, a good friend tells us a story of a very intelligent horse that two of his lady friends attempted to drive a long way one day. When he had gone what seemed to him a reasonable distance he gradually became very lame. They concluded it was useless to go further with him and turned homewards. Gradually he recovered, and the last mile—wonderful to relate—travelled as well as he did the first. But we hope none of our readers will think the next lame horse they see is shamming, for in nine cases out of ten a horse that appears to be lame is lame, either because he has a stone wedged in his hoof or from other cause.—*EDITOR.*]

A TOW-HORSE THAT NEVER DODGES HIS DUTY.

As the horse car reaches the foot of the hill

Gray Jerry swings up with a lively clatter;

"Is that you, Blackie? Good day to you, Bill!

A steep one to climb—but 'tis little matter,"

He seems to say, "for I've nothing to do

But to hitch right on and to pull with you!"

He puts new life in the jaded pair,

Their ears prick up and their eyes grow bright;

The car is heavy, but little they care,

For good gray Jerry will make it light.

They trot together without a stop—

Time for rest when they get to the top!

Now the horses are half up-hill,

The driver has little or nothing to do;

Courage, Blackie, and pull away, Bill!

Jerry will see the whole business through;

He twinkles his eye, and he switches his tail,

And makes the car fly on the up-grade rail.

A model of active benevolence

Jerry the car horse appears to me,

With his brave, kind heart and his good horse-sense—

And 'twere well with us could we always be

Ready as he is, to cheer and aid

The brothers that toil on the hard up-grade.

—*E. Cavazza, in "Youth's Companion."*

FAITH.

(From the "Sacred Heart Review.")

I ask not the world of science

For proof of my Father's might,

How long the world has been swinging

Through ages of darkest night;

I question not His power

Or doubt His holy grace,

I but know my Saviour liveth,

And long to behold His face.

O beautiful faith! that strengthens

As the years creep slowly on!

O beautiful hope! that cannot die,

Though the joy of the world be gone!

I love to dream of that heaven,

To picture its perfect rest

To hark to the have grown world-weary,

And reached its shores so blest.

DOGS AND THEIR HABITAT.

There is a pathetic dog story in Mr. Stanley's book. He took with him from the Congo to the Nyanza a fox-terrier. Randy bore the fatigue of the terrible march through the tropical forests remarkably well. He assisted in foraging for game, and on one occasion distinguished himself by capturing a fine guinea-fowl when the officers were on the lowest possible rations. He was the pet of the expedition. When Mr. Stanley left Fort Bodo to return westward to the Congo in search of the rear column, he left the dog behind him with the garrison. Poor Randy could not understand that he had been mercifully spared the fatigue of a journey of a thousand miles. He only knew that he had been separated from his master. From the hour of Mr. Stanley's departure he moped and persistently refused food. The attentions of the officers were inadequate compensation for the loss of his master. He could not be coaxed to eat anything, however savory. He pined and languished, and on the third day died of a broken heart.

That is a tale which serves to prove that dogs are worth the risk of an occasional hydrophobia scare. From their intelligence, fidelity, and development of affections hardly distinguishable from human feeling, dogs were designed to be trusted companions of merciful and sympathetic men; but so strong is the force of unreasoning prejudice and of morbid fear of one of the rarest of diseases, that one-half of the community, even in a humane and civilized country, always seems impatient to take up arms against them. Two or three times in the course of a year the journals of this town contain accounts of what are widely heralded as fatal cases of genuine hydrophobia. Even if the diagnosis of medical experts in these cases be accurate and scientific—and this is a most elastic concession to credulity—the percentage for a centre of population of over 3,500,000 served by the local press is so low as to demonstrate that the disease is phenomenally rare, and that there is no ground for public panic on the subject. Yet, whenever one of these exceedingly infrequent cases occurs, the newspapers bristle with letters from timorous men and nervous women demanding a general slaughter of house and street dogs, and accusing those who harbor and make pets of the poor brutes of criminal indifference to human life. *These unusual cases are famous advertisements for specialists of the Pasteur school, for under the influence of public excitement slight wounds, instead of being washed with salt water and vinegar and at once put out of mind, as a wise woman suggested in a letter to the "Tribune" a few days ago, are scientifically treated and recorded as so-called "hydrophobia cures."*

If the enemies of dogs are unreasonable, so also are the friends of the faithful and companionable brutes. There is a popular theory that a dog, because he is a companion of man, can live and thrive wherever his master may be. This is a mistake. A dog's habitat is where he can get the exercise and liberty which nature designed him to have. A dog shut up in a city house or cellar and restricted to the range of a tiny back-yard—and in a flat denied even that meagre privilege—is not in his natural habitat. An airing under chain and with muzzle for a half hour on the sidewalk does not answer his requirements. There are thousands of city dogs petted and overfed by indulgent masters that are mercilessly treated in this respect. It is essentially cruel and merciless to take a dog out of his habitat. This indifference to the poor brute's welfare is almost wanton when it involves his imprisonment in a flat, where there is no range even of a back-yard. *Every dog, and especially an overfed dog, needs grass.* It is nature's medicine. Those who deprive their pets, not only of liberty, exercise, but also of their wholesome medicine, are either ignorant or unreasonable. — *New York Tribune.*

Fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face and make its decay invisible.

HODGE, THE CAT.

Burly and big his books among
Good Samuel Johnson sat,
With frowning brows and wig askew,
His snuff-strewn waistcoat far from new;
So stern and menacing his air
That neither "Black Sam" nor the maid
To knock or interrupt him dare—
Yet close beside him, unafraid,
Sat Hodge, the cat.
"This participle," the Doctor wrote,
"The modern scholar cavils at,
But"—even as he penned the word
A soft protesting note was heard.
The Doctor fumbled with his pen,
The dawning thought took wings and flew,
The sound repeated came again—
It was a faint reminding "Mew!"
From Hodge, the cat.
"Poor pussy!" said the learned man,
Giving the glossy fur a pat,
"It is your dinner time, I know,
And—well, perhaps I ought to go;
For if Sam every day were sent
Off from his work your fish to buy,
Why—men are men—he might resent,
And starve or kick you on the sly—
Eh! Hodge, my cat?"

The Dictionary was laid down—
The Doctor tied his vast cravat,
And down the buzzing street he strode,
Taking an often-trodden road,
And halted at a well-known stall:
"Fishmonger," spoke the Doctor, gruff,
"Give me six oysters—that is all;
Hodge knows when he has had enough—
Hodge is my cat."

Then home: Puss dined, and while in sleep
He chased a visionary rat,
His master sat him down again,
Rewrote his page, renibbed his pen;
Each I was dotted, each T was crossed;
He labored on for all to read,
Nor deemed that time was waste or lost
Spent in supplying the small need
Of Hodge, the cat.

That dear old Doctor! fierce of mien,
Untidy, arbitrary, fat,
What gentle thoughts his name unfold!
So generous of his scanty gold,
So quick to love, so hot to scorn,
Kind to all sufferers under heaven—
A tenderer despot never was born;
His big heart held a corner even
For Hodge, the cat.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE, in *Wide Awake*.

THE CELEBRATED DR. JOHNSON.

Many of us have read Johnson's "Rasselas," or "The Happy Valley," the first sentence of which has been said to be the finest in the English language. Many of us have read his scornful reply to Lord Chesterfield, who never answered a letter asking him to become his patron until years had made the Doctor famous, when he wrote that he should be glad to become his patron:—

"A patron, and what is a patron, my lord? It is one who sees you struggling in deep waters and refuses a helping hand, but who, when you have safely reached the shore, would encumber you with his patronage."

But a good many do not know what a great heart he had, as shown in the following:—

No man, said one who knew him, loved the poor like Dr. Johnson. His own personal expenses did not reach £100 a year, but his house in Bolt Court, after the receipt of the pension, became a home for as many helpless ones as he could support and aid. In the garret was Robert Levet, who had been a waiter in a French coffee-house, and had become a poor surgeon to the poor. He was unable to help himself, when Johnson became his friend, and gave him a share of his home, with freedom to exercise his art freely in aid of the poor. Levet was Johnson's companion at breakfast, lived with him for thirty years, and died under his sheltering care, never allowed to think of himself as a poor dependent, never so regarded by true-hearted Samuel Johnson.

When Johnson took his walk in Fleet Street he found his way into sad homes of distress, which had been made known to him by Levet, or found by his own kind eyes. He visited the sick and the sad, helped them, and interceded for them with his friends. He always had small change in his pocket for the beggars. When he was himself sometimes in want of a dinner, after his first coming to London, he would slip pennies into the hands of ragged children asleep at night on the door-sills, that when they awoke in the morning they might find the possibility of breakfast. One night he found a wretched and lost woman so lying, worn by sickness, carried her on his back to his own home, had her cared for until health was restored, and then found her an honest place in life.

Dr. B.: "You may thank your stars, sir, that physicians in these days don't bleed patients as they used to."
Patient, dubiously: "I'm not so sure they don't, doctor."



WANTS THE APPLE.

A HORSE LIKES APPLES.

Many years ago we rode a very beautiful, swift, and high-spirited horse, that had become so accustomed to receiving an apple occasionally, that when riding him he would frequently, if permitted, stop under an apple tree overhanging the road, and look up and around to us, asking as plainly as though he had said it, "Please give me an apple."

He never failed to get one. Some people found it very difficult to mount and ride that horse.

We never had to touch the bridle rein until seated. He was as glad to have us in the saddle as we were to be there.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE BLUE AND GRAY.

Upon my bosom softly lies
A knot of blue and gray.
You ask the why? Tears fill my eyes
As low to you I say,

I had two brothers once,
Warm-hearted, bold, and gay;
They left my side—one wore the blue,
The other wore the gray.

One rode with Stonewall and his men,
And joined his fate with Lee;
The other followed Sherman's march
Triumphant to the sea.

Both fought for what they deemed the right,
And died with sword in hand;
One sleeps beneath Virginia's hills,
And one in Georgia's sand.

The same sun shines upon their graves;
My love for both must stay;
And so upon my bosom lies
This knot of blue and gray.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that a single ox could drain it dry on a summer day. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a thousand villages and cities, and bearing on its bosom more than a half a thousand steamboats. Then joining on the Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar until the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is the rill, the rivulet, the ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead

every child and older person to seize
every opportunity to say a kind
word, or do a kind act that willmake some other human being or
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY.

10479	Eaton, Ohio. Christian S. S. Busy Bee Band. P., Mrs. Hubbell.	10496	Excelsior Band. P., Andrew Sherer.	10515	Grimsby, Ont. Grimby Band. P., L. Woolverton.	10532	Canary Band. P., Bertha Jones.	10549	Never Fail Band. P., Miss Ammerman.
10480	Rosebud Band. P., Wm. Kinsey.	10497	Presbyterian S. S. Sunshine Band. P., Mrs. Stuart.	10516	Perry's Mills, N. Y. Glover Band. P., Dr. Wm. Glover.	10533	Oriole Band. P., Mrs. Johnson.	10550	Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Whitaker.
10481	Pansy Band. P., Mrs. L. D. Bailey.	10498	Hope Band. P., Mrs. Straw.	10517	Wilbraham, Mass. Union Band. P., Arthur B. Gill.	10534	Lark Band. P., Louie McMahan.	10551	Willing Workers Band. P., Miss Scott.
10482	Rose Band. P., Miss Stannah.	10499	Star Band. P., Miss Rossman.	10518	Liberty, Ind. Christian S. S. Pill Try Band.	10535	Mocking-bird Band. P., Nora Farr.	10552	Christian S. S. Robin Band. P., Mrs. Brown.
10483	Tulip Band. P., Mrs. Walk.	10500	Sunbeam Band. P., Miss Thompson.	10519	Never Fail Band. P., Mrs. Shiner.	10536	Catholic School. Geo. Washington Band. P., Mary Maiback.	10553	Bluebird Band. P., Miss Scott.
10484	Violet Band. P., Henry Crampton.	10501	Longfellow Band. P., Edmund S. Dye.	10520	Hope Band. P., Mr. Ponder.	10537	Lincoln Band. P., Elizabeth Serry.	10554	Canary Band. P., Mrs. Reinherner.
10485	Buttercups Band. P., S. J. Galloway.	10502	Whittier Band. P., Mr. Cramer.	10521	Golden Rule Band. P., Mrs. Harlan.	10538	Topsfield, Mass. Stanwood School Band. P., Arthur Johnson.	10555	Lark Band. P., Mrs. Sawyer.
10486	Goldenrod Band. P., Maggie Gard.	10503	Methodist S. S. Robin Band. P., Mrs. Hawkins.	10522	Presbyterian S. S. Rosebud Band. P., Miss Hanser.	10539	Indianola, Neb. Earnest Band. P., Jacob Flook.	10556	Forget-me-not Band. P., Claude Austin.
10487	Verbena Band. P., David Peters.	10504	Bluebird Band. P., Miss Truax.	10523	Lily Band. P., Miss Lederhans.	10540	Spring Dale, Ark. Spring Dale Band. P., Etta Hampton.	10557	Buttercups Band. P., Miss Mills.
10488	Lily Band. P., James Saylor.	10505	Canary Band. P., Miss Gard.	10524	Pansy Band. P., Miss McKay.	10541	Conwall-on-Hudson, N. Y. Sunshine Band. P., J. F. Reeve.	10558	Universalist S. S. Busy Bee Band. P., Grace Bloom.
10489	A. M. E. S. S. Douglass Band. P., Mrs. Miller.	10506	Dove Band. P., Mrs. Sallie Neal.	10525	Violet Band. P., Miss Zimmerlu.	10542	New Paris, Ohio. Presbyterian S. S. Rosebud Band. P., Miss Barnet.	10559	Hope Band. P., Myrtle Smith.
10490	Lincoln Band. P., H. H. Uptegrove.	10507	Touch-me-not Band. P., Lucy Stuart.	10526	Tulip Band. P., Mrs. Wilson.	10543	Pansy Band. P., Miss Smith.	10560	Sunbeam Band. P., Mrs. Weland.
10491	United Brethren S. S. Pill Try Band. P., Miss Arnold.	10508	Forget-me-not Band. P., Anna Gilmore.	10527	Rose Band. P., Mrs. Fox.	10544	Violet Band. P., Miss Kirk.	10561	Poland, N. Y. Poland W. C. T. U. Band. P., Emma Stillman.
10492	Never Fail Band. P., Ralph McFarland.	10509	Goldenrod Band. P., Mrs. Frank Wehrly.	10528	Methodist S. S. Busy Bee Band. P., Miss Lambert.	10545	Methodist S. S. Lily Band. P., Mrs. Brannon.	10562	Decatator, Ill. Decatator Band. P., Elva McCall.
10493	Willing Workers Band. P., Mrs. Ewing.	10510	Gen. Washington Band. P., Miss Eva Conley.	10529	Robin Band. P., Mary Farr.	10546	Tulip Band. P., Mrs. Beard.	10563	Bloomington, Ind. Mt. Gilend Band. P., Mrs. Acy Peterson.
10494	Helping Hand Band. P., Mr. Shireman.	10511	Garfield Band. P., Mary Wilson.	10530	Dove Band. P., Mrs. Ballinger.	10547	Rose Band. P., Miss Patterson.	10564	Bloomington, Ind. Berean Band. P., Iona Wilson.
10495	Golden Rule Band. P., Miss Harshman.	10512	U. S. Grant Band. P., Minnie Wallis.	10531	Bluebird Band. P., Mrs. Bertch.	10548	Pill Try Band. P., Mrs. Taylor.	10565	Baltimore, Md. Northwestern Band. P., Lucie Earhart.

A COSSACK DRILL.

(From "Golden Days.")

The governor of Moscow recently invited some Parisian journalists to witness a drill given by a regiment of Cossacks of the Don, and here is the description which one of the writers gives of the wonderful performances of the cavalry of the czar:

"The drill of the Cossacks is something marvelous. We came to witness it just at the moment when the colonel rode up at full gallop in front of the squadrons in line. In Russia the commander of a regiment never appears before his troops without saluting them and pronouncing the following words:

"Good-morning, my fine fellows!"

"To this salutation the entire regiment responds:—

"We wish your lordship good health!"

"The troops then scattered, and the maneuvering began. It was simply astounding. Imagine the most extravagant equestrian programme of a circus, enriched by the most extraordinary variations—everything that is delicate, comical, magnificent, and wild in the equestrian art."

"All this was displayed before us for two long hours by a thousand men in a tempest of dust and movement sufficient to make the coolest head dizzy."

"We saw horses bounding like panthers and men jumping like monkeys. We saw cavalrymen booted, with their carbines across their backs and their sabres in their hands, charging while standing upright upon their saddles."

"Others would pass at full speed beside Cossacks stretched upon the ground, pick them up like pocket handkerchiefs and carry them off across the croups of their saddles. Others, again, would pivot upon their saddles and play all the antics of circus clowns. One horse, tripping upon some obstacle, apparently rolled completely over the rider. We thought he was killed upon the spot; but he jumped up, laughing heartily while he rearranged his damaged garments."

"When the manoeuvre was finished the defile began. Thrice the squadrons defiled before their colonel, first at a walk, then at a trot, and lastly at a charge. The charge was something terrific."

"The Cossacks are armed and equipped in such a manner that at a distance it is impossible either to see or to hear them. The uniforms are sombre, the scabbards are of leather, and their weapons are darkened. There is no flashing or clashing of steel, and little or no sound, and yet the whole troop of men and horses pass noiselessly by at full speed, like a living squall."

"The colonel scrutinized the appearance of each squadron, and, satisfied with the performance, shouted:—

"Very good!"

"To which the double row of Cossacks replied:—

"We will do still better yet, your lordship!"

City Girl (pointing to a wild plant by the wayside): "What's that?" Country Cousin: "That's milkweed." City Girl: "O yes, what you feed the cows on, I suppose."

A CLEVER STRATAGEM.

When the electric telegraph was first introduced into Chili, a stratagem was resorted to, says a contemporary, in order to guard the posts and wires against damage on the part of the Arancanian Indians, and maintain the connection between the strongholds on the frontier. There were at the time between forty and fifty captive Indians in the Chilean camp. General Pinto called them together, and pointing to the telegraph wires said, "Do you see those wires?"—"Yes, general."—"Very good. I want you to remain here not to go near or touch them, for, if you do, your hands will be held, and you will be unable to get away." The Indians smiled incredulously. Then the general made them each in succession take hold of the wire at both ends of an electric battery in full operation; after which he exclaimed, "I command you to let go the wire!"—"I can't; my hands are benumbed!" cried each Indian. The battery was then stopped. Not long afterwards the general restored them to liberty, giving them strict injunctions to keep the secret and not betray it to their countrymen. This had the desired effect, for, as might be expected, the experiment was related "in the strictest confidence" to every man of the tribe, and the telegraph has ever since remained unimpaired.

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND
INDEED.

(From "Philadelphia Press," of July 9.)

THE DEER SAVED HER LIFE—ANTICS OF A
PET FAWN ATTRACT ATTENTION TO A
DROWNING GIRL.

TAMPA, FLA., July 9 [SPECIAL].—George Bell, keeper of Picnic Island, in lower harbor, has two little girls to whom a pet deer, belonging to the "Zoo" on the island, is very much attached. The little fawn follows the children wherever they go. Yesterday the children stole away from home to play on the wharf, when the youngest one accidentally fell overboard. The deer at once jumped in after the child, which soon sunk out of sight.

The deer then swam to the beach and ran at lightning speed to the keeper's house, where the mother of the child was. It reared upon its hind feet, blew and snorted, and cut up queer antics so as to attract Mrs. Bell's attention. It then started down the beach in an excited manner and jumped into the water again. Mrs. Bell missed her children, and dropping everything followed the sagacious animal, whom she saw plunge from the wharf into the bay. One leg of her little girl was sticking out of the water, and when she rescued her she was unconscious. By rolling and rubbing, the child was resuscitated. Captain Bob Warner is so proud of his fawn that he has ordered it a handsome collar and silver bell. He says \$1000 could not buy it.

Is marriage a miss-take? Not when you marry a widow.

(From the "American Shipbuilder," New York City.)

The docking of horses' tails by anglo-maniacs who ape English manners and customs should be made a criminal offence, punishable by imprisonment for not less than one year. Nature provided the horse with a tail to brush off the flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, just as the Creator furnished man with hands to protect himself. There are no mosquitoes and scarcely any flies in Great Britain to bother animals. A man who will wantonly cut a horse's tail should be compelled to stand on a sugar dock in hot weather with his hands tied behind his back, and he would then know the agony and torture a poor horse suffers with nothing but a stump of a tail to drive off these pests and tormentors. Another species of cruelty is keeping a horse's head raised to a painful and unnatural elevation by means of the cruel check-rein. We have seen horses' eyes fairly bulging out of their heads on account of this dreadful punishment which foolish men and women practise upon dumb animals. Away with such barbarous fashions in this enlightened and humane age and country. The "American Humane Education Society" is performing a grand work by publishing "Black Beauty," a book which is doing for horses what Harriet Beecher Stowe's world-renowned pen picture of the negro—"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—did for the slave. The enormous number of over half a million copies of "Black Beauty" have been distributed by the society during the past year.

BE SURE YOU BUY THE
RIGHT BOOK.

Two New York publishers, taking advantage of our wide presentation and advertisement, have issued editions of "Black Beauty."

They are printed on poor paper, and leave out all the humane pictures and information which constitute an important part of our book, substituting advertisements of corsets, medical discoveries, pills, etc., etc.

If a lady is asked how many rings she has, she can say with truth that there's no end to them.

DON'T YOU THINK ?

ADAPTED FROM THE "PICTURE GALLERY."

The four pupils who are to recite should come upon the stage together, the one who is reciting to address the other three, who at the conclusion of the verse respond, "We do, we do."

First pupil —

Don't you think it must be jolly, when the rain comes down,
To be a little duck, because a duck can't drown?
And though the showers fall as if a sea had been upset,
They only trickle off him, and he can't get wet.

Three pupils —

We do, we do.

Second pupil —

Don't you think it must be jolly, when the dust blows high,
To be a flitting swallow in the deep blue sky?
For all he has to do is just to beat his little wings,
And up above the dusty earth his light form springs.

Three pupils —

We do, we do.

Third pupil —

Don't you think it must be jolly, when the moon won't rise,
To be like a feathered owl, and have an owl's round eyes?
For he sails about the forest in the middle moonless night,
And can find his way much better than in broad sunlight.

Three pupils —

We do, we do.

Fourth pupil —

Don't you think it must be jolly, when the sun burns hot,
To be like the gliding fishes in a sea-green grot?
For they never can be thirsty, and they always must be cool,
And they haven't got to dress themselves in hot, thick wool.

Four together —

We do! we do!

— Educational Exchange.

NO DIVORCE NEEDED.

On a sultry night last month, Mrs. A. H. Ellsworth, of Jackson Hollow, was awakened by the flapping of wings at one of the windows of her bedroom. She struck a light and found that a female whippoorwill had got wedged in between the screen and the sash, that the bird was unable to free herself, and that one of her wings was broken. Mrs. Ellsworth took pity on the wounded bird, bound up the broken wing as well as she knew how, and placed her in a canary bird's cage for the night.

In the morning Mrs. Ellsworth found that the whippoorwill, with the exception of the broken wing, was all right, and she fed the bird and hung the cage on the porch, intending to set her free as soon as she was able to fly. During the morning the whippoorwill sang out a number of times, and along in the forenoon Mrs. Ellsworth noticed that another whippoorwill was fitting around the cage. She concluded that the wounded bird had succeeded in calling her mate from a row of willows down by the creek, and her conclusion proved to be correct.

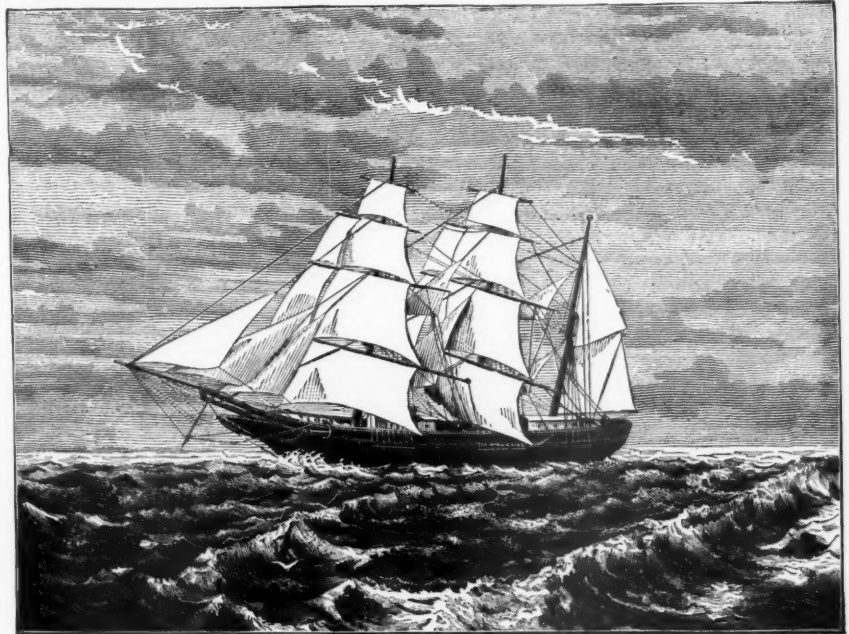
The male whippoorwill alighted on the rim of the cage, and coaxed like a good fellow for his wife to come out and sail away with him to their home among the willows, and then they put their bills together between the wires and had a real sweet domestic kissing spell for three or four minutes, the wife seeming to convey to her anxious husband an understanding of the fact that she would be delighted to accompany him if she only had two well wings. Anyhow, the male appeared to understand pretty soon that his wife was a cripple, and in prison, too, for when they had kissed one another all they cared to do, just then the male flew away toward the brook. In a little while he returned with his bill full of food, which he liberally dealt out to his wife from his perch on the rim of the cage. It tasted better to her than the food that Mrs. Ellsworth had put into the cage, Mrs. Ellsworth said, and during the day he came and went a score of times. Mrs. Ellsworth left the cage out all night, so that the wife might be as near to her husband as possible, and the male roosted on a lilac bush close by. He carried lots of food to his wife each day, and in about a fortnight her wing got well. Then Mrs. Ellsworth turned her loose. Her mate joined her immediately, and the happy pair sailed off toward the willows, singing a song of gladness on the way. — *Dayton (Ohio) Daily Journal*.

CREDITABLE TO THE SWEDES.

Councilman George F. Swain, who recently returned from a visit abroad, makes the following statement: "I spent some time in Sweden, and noticed many peculiarities among the people. I never heard a Swede swear, use harsh or profane language, abuse a beast of burden, or show a spark of cruelty in any form." As an example of the remarkable tenderness of the Swedes of to-day, he relates an incident related to him by Gen. Thomas, the American minister at Stockholm. Gen. Thomas, while out riding one day, met a peasant going to the woods with a porcupine in a basket. Upon being questioned, the peasant said he found the animal stranded on the road, and fearing that some one would harm it he was taking it to the woods. — *Passaic (N. J.) City Record*.

THE COST OF PRESENTATION.

The incidental expense of presentation at Court in England is said to be about \$500. In this country a man who is presented at court frequently gets off for \$3 and costs.



BOUND FOR EUROPE.

From "Young Folks' Stories," published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston.

OLD DOG TRAY.

The morn of life is past,
And evening comes at last;
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I've seen
Upon the village green,
Sporting with my old dog Tray.

CHORUS.

Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away,
He's gentle, he is kind,
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

The forms I called my own

Have vanished one by one;

The loved ones, the dear ones, have all passed away;

Their happy smiles have flown,

Their gentle voices gone;

I've nothing left but old dog Tray. — CHORUS.

When thoughts recall the past,

His eyes are on me cast;

I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say.

Although he cannot speak,

I'll vainly, vainly seek

A better friend than old dog Tray. — CHORUS.

GENERAL GRANT ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

In 1864, at City Point, Va., the general of the army strolled along the wharf smoking his cigar. One day, seeing a big, raw-boned teamster belaboring one of his wheel mules with a billet of wood, and cursing him roundly, he quietly said, "My man, stop beating that mule." Rawney, looking around at the little, unostentatious appearing person in a plain blouse, — "Say, be you driving these here mules, or be I?" and bat, crack, again went the cudgel, the mule dodging, and jumping the tongue. "Well," said the general, "I think I have sufficient authority here to stop your cruelty to that animal," and turning to the officer in charge of the train, he ordered him to have the teamster "tied up" for twenty-four hours when he returned to camp, and report the fact to his headquarters when done. The news spread rapidly from camp to camp, and there was much less mule-mauling after that.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A few mornings ago a little bird fell from one of the trees in Charlestown. A number of small boys, their ages ranging from seven to twelve years, saw the bird as it fell. Instantly they went to the spot where it fell. One picked the bird up very tenderly, and started to climb the tree, but was unsuccessful. A second attempt of several of the boys was unsuccessful also. All this while the mother bird kept flying from bough to bough in great distress. The boys finally climbed a water conductor, and so reached the roof of a house from which they restored the bird to its mother. I never witnessed anything that pleased me more.

M. E. W.

Birds are creatures made by the Creator to fill with sweet sounds the summer air; to gladden the eyes and cheer the heart of man. They are surely not made to be captured in millions by shot, or snare, or trap; to have their eyes put out; to have their happy dwelling places turned into scenes of miserable suffering and their gentle songs into piteous cries; to be wiped out of existence altogether, if need be, to gratify a desire for personal adornment. — GRACE UPTON, in "Golden Days."

HORSE FUN.

A Mansfield (O.) doctor is the owner of a horse which has a fondness for practical jokes. Recently the physician drove out into the country to answer a sick call. Arriving, he tied his horse to a post near which hung a rope attached to a large bell used as a dinner signal for employees on the place, and went inside. Shortly after the bell rang violently. The doctor and the man of the house both looked out but could see nothing except the horse. They had hardly turned away, however, before the bell rang again, and again they looked but could see nothing. This was repeated and the doctor determined to solve the mystery, so, at the third ring, instead of going into the house, he stepped out and hid in the yard. He kept his eye on the bell rope, and in about a minute was surprised to see his horse lift up his head, smile slyly, and give the rope a good, hard tug. When the physician sprang out and confronted the horse, the animal instantly tried to put on a look of innocence, but was unsuccessful. — *Herald*, July 15.

SOME THINGS WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

In order to call attention to the great care necessary before burying the dead, the following extracts from a medical journal are given, namely, five signs of death: First sign, cessation of circulation and respiration; second, cooling of the body from 99 degrees to that of the atmosphere, usually in twenty-four hours or less; third, rigidity, which begins in about six hours after death; after some hours there is again relaxation; fourth, resistance of muscles to galvanization; fifth, mortification, which generally commences in about forty hours after death, and generally shows first over the stomach.

Physicians should always see the dead person before giving a certificate, even in cases where they have been in attendance just before death.

On the authority of a physician, it is understood that, in embalming, a slight incision is made first, before going on with the process, which seems a necessary safeguard.

The attention of mothers and nurses is called to the covering of infants' heads too closely, lest they should not have sufficient air to breathe freely.



THE CRUEL CHECK-REIN.

EDMUND BURKE AND HIS HORSE.

In the decline of Mr. Burke's life, when he was living on his farm at Beaconsfield, the rumor went up to London that he had gone mad. A friend, a man of influence and rank, hastened to Beaconsfield to learn the truth. From Mrs. Burke he received this pathetic explanation: —

Mr. Burke's only child, a beloved son, had, long before, died, leaving a favorite old horse, which was kept in the park.

Mr. Burke, in his morning walks, would often stop and caress the favorite animal. On one occasion he perceived the horse at a distance, and noticed, in turn, that he was recognized by the horse.

The animal drew nearer and nearer to Mr. Burke, stopped, eyed him with a pleading look of recognition, which said as plainly as words could have said, "I have lost him, too;" and then the poor dumb beast deliberately laid his head on Mr. Burke's bosom.

Struck by the singularity of the occurrence, moved by the recollections of his son, overwhelmed by the tenderness of the animal expressed in the mute eloquence of holy nature's universal language, the illustrious statesman for a moment lost his self-possession, and clasping his arms around the neck of his son's favorite animal, lifted up in piteous grief that voice which had filled the arches of Westminster Hall with the noble strains that ever echoed within them. — *Golden Days.*

The Princess of Wales has given orders that nothing need be submitted for her inspection, or that of her daughters, in which birds are used as trimming. — *Boston Transcript, Jan. 24.*

CHILDREN BITTEN BY DOGS.

In nineteen cases out of every twenty where a child is bitten by a dog, it is the fault of the child or the child's mother. The dog is tormented, the child is at last bitten, then comes the demand that the dog shall be killed.

LETTER FROM THE WIFE OF A PROMINENT BOSTON LAWYER.

My husband, who, in common with many other lawyers, has for some years been a recipient of "Our Dumb Animals," always brings it home to me, and it is about the only periodical that gets thoroughly read by us, after which I have sent it to a friend at a distance.

My husband keeps the "form of legacy" you print pasted in front of one of his will books, and, I think, never fails to call it to the attention of clients who desire to make any charitable bequests.

In the great and good work of humanely educating the American people, "Our Dumb Animals" is a mighty force. — *Cincinnati Trade Invoice, July 20.*

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Animal Herald. New Orleans, La.
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy. London, England.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animal Protector. Havre, France.
Cimbria. Schleswig-Holstein, Germany.
Rhenish-Westphalian Journal of United Societies P. A. Cologne, Germany.
London, England. Sixty-seventh Annual Report of the Royal Soc. P. C. A., for 1890.
Halifax, N. S. Thirtieth Annual Report of the Nova Scotia Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, for 1890.



KINDNESS.

Receipts by The American Humane Education Society in July.

A Friend, \$100; Mrs. Anna E. Brown, \$100; Mrs. Francis E. Holt, \$30; Dr. W. S. Bigelow, \$10; Miss E. B. Kendall, \$5; Loyol Temperance Legion, Yardley, Pa., for Monument Fund, \$1; "W." Huntington, N. Y., \$1.

And from Sales of "Black Beauty."

Frank Miller & Sons, \$1025; Burrows Brothers Co., \$144.26; Mrs. J. W. Clark, \$25; The Baker & Taylor Co., \$36; Cottage Hearth, \$12; E. O. Vaile, \$12; Jno. Wanamaker, \$9; Nova Scotia Society P. C. to Animals, \$18; Mrs. E. Cavazza, \$5; Mrs. E. J. Gray, \$5; New York & Eastern News Co., \$5.60. All others in sums of less than \$5 each, \$97.17.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. in July.

Fines and witness' fees, \$116.90.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

A Friend of O. D. A., through A. A. P. Hapgood, \$20; Charles B. Barnes, \$10; Dr. W. S. Bigelow, \$10; Mrs. Hammond Brown, \$10; Arthur Reed, \$5; Mrs. Geo. Woodman, \$5; Chas. A. Stevens, \$5; E. C. Taft, \$5; J. G. Mackintosh, \$5; W. C. King, \$5; E. D. Gilmore, \$3; S. B. Campbell, \$1.50; Katherine Safford, \$1.50; Ralph K. Safford, \$1.50; A Friend, \$0.60.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Francis Ham, Miss H. E. Henshaw, Strout & Coolidge, J. D. Atkins, Geo. E. Tucker, C. C. Hitchcock, G. Hitchcock, Mrs. Clarence Smith, W. P. Griswold, W. H. Montague, Mrs. E. B. Fay, Mrs. E. W. Wood, Mrs. Harriet Southworth.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Miss I. L. Field, Eugene S. Randall, Elizabeth E. Dana, Hugh Carey, B. P. Barber, Mrs. Lydia C. Brooks, Marsh Brothers, G. C. Holden, A. J. Davis, H. Holland, J. R. Tumblin, J. T. Wood, James Miller, Mrs. J. C. Brooks, Mrs. V. M. Southworth, Mace Southworth, W. G. Rogers.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

E. D. Howard, A Friend, A. W. Warren, F. J. Sanborn, M. D., V. E. Robert, Rev. E. L. Chute, Rev. Obad Eldridge. Total, \$134.60.

American Humane Education Society for literature and sundries, \$120.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Connecticut Humane Society, \$32; Erie County Humane Society, Buffalo, \$25; Rev. Father Paroli, \$4; Rev. Herbert Whitney, \$3.75; Mrs. Ensign, \$2.50; Albert Gardner, \$1.50; I. H. Gray, \$1.25; S. H. Headley, \$0.75; Elizabeth H. Russell, \$0.75.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. J. H. Leighton, Mrs. W. W. Wiley, Mrs. E. E. Caswell, E. Babb, W. W. Smith, A. M. Fredenhagen, Mrs. J. L. Stanton, Mrs. Ferris Bringham, Mary S. Kendall, J. M. J. Cherry, Mrs. Geo. Woodman, Miss M. A. Peet, Sarah L. Rogers, F. B. Graham, Laura E. Bennett, Mrs. M. A. Brockett.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Master Frank Dutton, Durant Drake, Helen E. Tebbetts, Ida Forrest, Mrs. Jno. B. Phelps, S. Lizzie Jewett, D. P. Conant, Thomas B. Peck, Mrs. S. L. Cowee, Miss J. F. Hathaway, J. T. Williams, C. A. Hamlin, G. W. Keith, M. D., E. Newcomb, B. W. Simmons, Nellie Ham, Mrs. E. W. Lee, Mrs. Geo. J. Wall, Hon. Henry B. Hill, C. L. Wright, Mrs. A. S. Merrill, Mrs. J. L. Smith, F. Cudworth, Gertrude A. Shattuck, Miss C. L. Webster, Trinidad Lib. Association, Mrs. F. Gill, F. Tomlinson, C. W. Smith, Mrs. G. M. Bassett, Nova Scotia P. C. to Animals, W. K. Coffin, Mrs. E. A. Jones, H. M. Brayton, Milo Hildreth, M. Ogden, W. A. Durant, Rev. Jacob Flook.

All others in sums of less than fifty cents, \$5.51.

Total, \$112.01.

Publications sold, \$105.74.

Total, \$589.25.

Cases Reported at our Boston Offices in July.

Whole number dealt with, 274. Animals taken from work, 29; horses and other animals killed, 78.

PRICES OF HUMANE PUBLICATIONS.

The following publications of the Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals can be obtained at our offices at the following cost prices, free of postage: —

Address to Boston Public Schools, by Geo. T. Angell, 3 cents each, or \$2.00 per 100
Humane Leaflets, Nos. 1 to 8, by Geo. T. Angell.
Eight of either No. or Nos., as wanted, 5 cents; twenty-four for 10 cents; one hundred, 25 cents, post paid.
Bird Leaflet, by Geo. T. Angell, \$.25 per 100
Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, by George T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole twelve bound together, or 2.00 "
Care of Horses, .45 "
Cattle Transportation, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
Protection of Animals, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "
Five Questions Answered, by Geo. T. Angell, .50 "
The Check-Rein, by Geo. T. Angell, .60 "
The Cruel Over-check Card (two sides), .15 "
How to Kill Animals Humanely, by Dr. D. D. Slade, 1.00 "
Service of Mercy, selections from Scripture etc., .65 "
Band of Mercy Information, by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "
Fifty-two Band of Mercy Songs and Hymns, book form, two cents for the whole, or 2.00 "
Band of Mercy Register, 8 cents.
Band of Mercy Cards of Membership, 2 cents each.

Condensed Information, an eight-page pamphlet by Geo. T. Angell, including all necessary for forming Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Bands of Mercy. This, as well as the address of Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tenn., we send without cost to every one asking.

The above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

TERMS:

Single copies, per annum, 50 cents; for four copies and below ten, 45 cents; for ten and below twenty-five copies, 40 cents; for twenty-five and below fifty, 35 cents; for fifty and below one hundred, 30 cents; and for one hundred and more copies, as now, 25 cents each, in advance. Postage free to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Editor, Goddard Building, 19 Milk Street, cor. Hawley, Boston.

RATES OF SOCIETY MEMBERSHIP:

Active Life, - - \$100 00 Associate Annual, - - \$5 00
Associate Life, - - 50 00 Children's, - - - - 1 00
Active Annual, - - 10 00 Branch, - - - - 1 00
All members receive OUR DUMB ANIMALS free, and all publications of the Society.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY:

GODDARD BUILDING, 19 MILK STREET,
Corner Hawley Street, Boston.

